Wayland, Jan 15th, 1860.

Dear Friend,

I am really sorry to have caused you so much writing, and trouble about my requests, when you have that "mangle" to turn all the time. But you need take no further trouble about that London Correspondence. I have given it up, in disgust. I don't like the look of it. I am not the person to write "statesman-like" letters, and I don't like to deal with "precise" people, like your English. So good bye to that project. I have another in my head, which I like better, in which I shall need no help. The idea was put into my head, by Chip Grant, the daughter of your friend, who told Anna Loring she wished I would write something for her father's paper, explaining the foray of John Brown. But I can't explain it. The more I cogitate upon it, the more unaccountable it seems to me

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that any man in his senses could have undertaken such an enterprise.

As for the pay in English papers, I did not think of that, in my zeal to hit slavery from all quarters. but now you remind me of it, I will say, that I can get better pay at home, if I choose to accept offers. My isolation here at Wayland, and the difficulty of getting news while it is fresh, is one reason why I relinquish my English project. By and bye, when I can snatch a little leisure, I intend to write to Kossuth, and get you to forward it with the pamphlet.

I thank you for your invitation, but I don't think I can come to Weymouth. I must go to Cambridge to see my brother, and then hurry home where I have lots of things to do, of all sorts.

Mrs. Follen wrote about my having a table at Music Hall, with Mrs. Stearns & her flowers. I don't know what the table means, but I would prefer to have my establishment quite separate from Mrs. Stearns.

I have done the best I could with the invitations, which is not much.

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